

The Element of Surprise

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Summary: A surprise character comes to destroy Freeza's assassins (This was my first fanfic, written back in 1999, so there are a few parts that tangent from the DBZ storyline ^_^^')

The Element of Surprise

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

By: Neko chan

CHAPTER 1: DREAMS

He couldn't look away as the light beam entered the planet's atmosphere. He couldn't help them. He only floated there in darkness, watching the planet explode. The vision was blurry, but distinct. There was no sense but sight, and he couldn't even feel the explosion path that flew past him. He only watched as something began to come straight at him. Focusing, he realized it to be the body of a man. He couldn't move out of the way, it just came straight at him. The man's head came in to view, and suddenly the body stopped right in front of him. He couldn't look away as the eyes opened..

He screamed and sat up, sweat traveled down the side of his face.

"Vegeta! Whats wrong?"

He turned to look at his wife, who was heavy with sleep. As he turned to look at the clock, he realized why; 1:30 am. " Nothing" he said catching his breath. "I was just sparring." His face went in to a defensive state.

"Vegeta, I told you to do that outside, you might end up hitting something" she said in a sleepy voice "and why this late at night!?" She sat up and craned her neck to see the clock.

"Because I felt like it!" he snapped suddenly "I've done nothing but you're errands for the past two days!" he yelled. Vegeta thought that maybe he shouldn't have lied, but then again, how could he tell her that he had a 'bad dream'. He scowled and lay back "forget it. Just go back to sleep." He ordered.

She glared at him, but decided not to bother. She layed back also, and drifted off.

Vegeta, on the other hand, lay awake thinking. He never dreamt, in fact, he rarely slept. Why had he dreamt such a dream?, especially one containing his father. He growled to himself when he thought of his father, but decided not to waste his time. "Baka" he said under his breath, and turned over on his side.

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A pair of green eyelids snapped open. "Who the hell was that?" Piccolo growled angrily.

He had been meditating and the appearance of an unknown Saiyan had cut him off. He looked around, realizing it was still night.

Piccolo lowered his brow and thought. There was no reason for some Saiyan to appear out of nowhere. Nothing interrupts his meditation unless there was something wrong.

He uncrossed his legs and stood firmly on the ground. Not being much of a sleeper either, Piccolo decided to get a drink. All the way, thinking of the Saiyan who had so rudely interrupted his training. The last thing he needed was another annoying monkey boy bothering the planet.

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"OOOWWWWW!!" Chaotzu screamed.

Everyone in the tent sat up quickly.

"What!?" Tien, Yamcha, and Gohan screamed almost simultaneously. Puar lay silent, still sleeping.

Chaotzu glared at Gohan "he kicked me! Hard!" he said pointing to a welt on his leg.

Gohan looked around "Me? I.I..huh? " he looked utterly confused 'I must've been dreaming!" he looked at Chaotzu's leg "I'm sorry Chaotzu!"

Chaotzu's mean look melted. "It's ok! WOW!, that must have been a bad dream!" he said.

"YEAH!" Tien piped in " What the hell happened?" he asked.

"TIEN!" everyone turned to look at (the now awake) Puar. "Watch your mouth!" he yelled.

Tien blushed slightly "sorry."

Yamcha started to laugh, but halted immediately at the sight of Puar's glare.

Everyone turned to look back to Gohan, who obviously had forgotten

"What?...Oh!!" he said, finally realizing "Well, in the dream, I was flying next to this dragon.."

"AWWW!!" Yamcha piped in mockingly. Puar flew over and placed a paw over his mouth, nodding to Gohan to go on.

"ANYWAY" he said "all of a sudden, somebody knocked him out of the sky!" Gohan explained. "I stopped and looked up, and there was a Saiyan with hair like Vegeta, but not Vegeta. it wasn't Vegeta." He looked down "I don't know who it was..butI got mad and kicked him" Gohan bit his lip and looked at Chaotzu.

"That explains it!" Chaotzu exclaimed.

Yamcha yawned with his now free mouth "what time is it?"

They all looked around and shrugged.

"Its 1:30"

Everyone turned to look through the screen window of the tent. Two very sleepy young boys stood outside looking at a glowing watch. They both looked up, rubbing their eyes.

"Trunks! Goten! Go to sleep! Mom will kill me if she sees bags under your eyes!"

Tien and Yamcha snickered, and Gohan looked at them "No, its true."

They stopped and looked back solemnly. "Well.I couldn't sleep.and then.um, Trunks had a bad dream, and then...we heard someone scream, so we came to see." Goten managed to get the story out.

Gohan crawled to the window, avoiding his friend's legs "you had a bad dream too Trunks?"

he nodded without a word.

Gohan thought about asking, but didn't. Trunks was rarely quiet and reclusive like this. "Well, you two, both of you " he looked directly at his little brother "go back to sleep."

"Yes Gohan." They barked out militantly. The two turned and crawled into their pup tent.

Gohan turned to face his friends "we should to" he yawned "its late." He crawled back over to his sleeping bag and sat, looking at his friends who were silent

"Come on guys!" he said agitated.

"Yes Gohan!!" they all mocked.

Gohan couldn't resist laughing as they layed back down.

Two giggling boys could also be heard from the tent next door as the laughter got louder. Soon, it died down, and the forest returned to its calm night sounds.

CHAPTER 2: CALM BEFORE THE STORM

The smell of breakfast brought both Krillin and Goku to the entrance of the Son home.

Chi Chi turned to see them "Goku where were you last night?"

he had expected that question and smirked at Krillin. "sparring" they both retorted simply.

Chi Chi scowled "all night?" she interrupted their nods "And let me guess, you didn't even check on the boys"

Goku looked at Krillin again "uhh..oops" his face hardened as he looked back at his wife "I'm sure they're fine! They are with Yamcha and Tien, and anyway, they'll be back soon!"

Chi Chi sighed and turned around. "Well, here's some food if you like" She said as she slowly filled the table with food. Being friends and family with such a group, Chi Chi was accustomed to making sure there was enough.

Goku and Krillin sat with happy smiles on their faces, and dug in.

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"Alrighty! Lets ride guys!" Gohan yelled to the group behind him.

Tien and Chaotzu stayed behind Goten and Trunks, and Yamcha and Puar drove a capsule car to help carry all of the camping equipment. They all flew off toward the Son home.

"WAIT UP!!" Yamcha yelled. "Why do I always have to drive?" He sneered to himself, as he clicked on the nitro -flare button.

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"VEGETA! COME ON!" Bulma yelled she looked at her watch and gritted her teeth "You're going to make us LATE!" All of a sudden, she turned to look at the front door, which had opened.

Vegeta stood outside with his arms crossed, scowling. "Well, looks like I'm not the one who's going to make us late."

She let out a frustrated scream and stormed out of the house.

Vegeta smirked, he loved making her mad, he always felt like the victor. He uncrossed his arms and walked over to her as she struggled with the lock to the car.

"Dammit!!" She yelled. Suddenly, she looked up as Vegeta wrapped his arm around her waist. "Oh no!! We Will NOT!" she struggled but knew it was useless under his grip "What if the neighbors see?"

Vegeta just smiled devilishly and tightened his grip. They lifted into the air and sped off as Bulma's cry was still heard.

"We are NOT FLYING!!"

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The small rock exploded into dust particles as the finger blast hit it.

Piccolo stood several meters away pointing; he had been working on his accuracy.

He nodded to himself and stood up straight. Looking up, Piccolo shaded his eyes and figured the time. Gohan should be getting home soon.

I need to discuss this Saiyan I saw last night.

He thought to himself. He had been wary of the interruption all day. Taking one last glance at the sun, and then the rock (or remnants) Piccolo took off into the air.

The white powder cleared as Goku's eyeballs went up, looking at his hair. It was white, and well as the rest of his body.

"Oh crap." He said looking down at the flour bag on the floor.

~~~~~

Krillin's face was getting red from laughing so hard.

Goku couldn't help but crack up.

They both looked towards the back door and saw Chi Chi standing there with her hands on her hips. Goku and Krillin put on their best smiles and waved at her.

Chi Chi remained sturdy and looked around her kitchen. "Goku, since you are so incapable of cooking, why don't you and Krillin put the tables together outside. Gohan and the others will be here soon." She watched as he and Krillin nodded and saluted. Chi Chi raised and eyebrow as they scooted out of the room stifling their laughing. She shook her head and began to clean up "Just like kids."

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Bulma clung to him; she hated heights, especially at this speed. Her screaming had stopped awhile back when she realized it wasn't working.

Vegeta landed and looked down at his mate.

Realizing where they were, Bulma unwrapped her arms and legs and

stood up tall, straightening her shirt. "hmmf." She scowled and began to walk in.

Vegeta stood and crossed his arms smirking. "Oh look, we're early" he said.

Bulma stopped, and growled, then stomped in.

"heheh" Vegeta's smirk turned to a grin as he walked in after her.

" Chi Chi! Need any help?" Bulma covered her anger, and entered the kitchen.

Chi Chi was cleaning the last of the flour off the table, while keeping an eye on an oven full of cooking food. She looked up " Bulma! Vegeta! You're."

"early" Bulma interrupted, shooting a glare back at Vegeta "I know."

Vegeta had to smile evilly and laugh a bit. All of this 'victory' had put him in a good mood. It would be needed for an evening with Goku and his family. Bulma walked over to Chi Chi and took some orders as Vegeta walked out the back door.

"Vegeta! Hey!" Goku looked up and smiled. He and Krillin continued covering the four long tables with tablecloths.

Vegeta nodded to Goku, and raised an eyebrow "New look Goku?" Vegeta held in a laugh.

Krillin however, cracked up remembering at the same time.

Goku shook his head quickly, releasing the white flour from his hair. "Oh yeah, I was umm..cooking, but Chi Chi decided I wasn't doing too good of a job." Goku said.

"Thank Kami.." Vegeta grumbled under his breath. He sat in a lawn chair with his arms crossed.

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A capsule car set down in front of the Son Home. Gohan, Tien, Yamcha, Chaotzu, Trunks, Goten, and Puar all stood up straight and smelled the air. "Food" they smiled and walked in with out even thinking of unpacking.

Gohan was immediately caught in the 'death grip' with Goten. They looked at each other and rolled their eyes as Chi Chi hugged them.

"My sweet little boys are home! How was the trip? Did you pack enough?"

Gohan and Goten were released "It was fine. Goten was quite behaved! He only took out a few trees!" Gohan smiled and patted Goten on the head.

The rest of the group headed out and Goten ran behind.

Gohan smiled at his mother "It was fine mom. We had a lot of fun." He made sure his mother was calm before going out to see the rest.

"Daddy!!!" Trunks yelled running at Vegeta. He knew his dad hated when he did it, but he hadn't seen him for days.

Vegeta smirked and lifted his son to his shoulder with one hand.

Trunks smiled knowing his dad was in a good mood. He looked down at Goten "Hey shorty" he said as Goten laughed.

Catching sight of his own dad, Goten ran off. Trunks looked around from his new standpoint, keeping one hand on his dad's head, and the other on his shoulder.

Gohan greeted his father and Krillin, giving them a short summary of the camping trip. He looked down and smiled as his little brother ran under his legs and jumped on Goku.

"Hi uncle Krillin!" Goten smiled and waved. Krillin grinned and asked him how the trip went. He left his father's leg and jumped in Krillin's lap, ready to tell the whole story.

Goku continued setting the table.

Then Gohan turned as he felt a familiar ki. He looked up and grinned "Mr. Piccolo!" he said in a whisper. He ran around the side of the Son House to reach the front. He knew Piccolo wouldn't want to land amongst the crowd in the back yard. Gohan stood and waited with a large smile on his face. He hadn't seen his mentor in awhile.

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Piccolo sensed Gohan's ki way before he came into sight. He grinned at the thought, but wiped it away to a smirk. His pride level was almost as high as Vegeta's, and he was rarely seen smiling.

He increased his speed, and frowned at the thought of the Saiyan who had jumped into his meditation. Then, the Son Home came into view. He landed softly on the front lawn, and his cape followed.

Gohan bowed a bit in greeting. "Hello Sen Sei" he smiled "long time no see eh?"

Piccolo smirked at the word 'sen sei' "You don't have to call me that Gohan." He said simply.

Gohan looked up at Piccolo "Ahh..I just like it. It's true anyway!"

Piccolo just nodded and scanned the area. "I need to talk to you about something Gohan."

Gohan squinted and nodded solemnly. He prepared to listen intently, seeing the look in his teacher's eyes. Before that, he realized Piccolo's wary glance around the back. "Oh they're all in the back

yard, don't worry." Gohan said

Piccolo nodded and looked back at Gohan. "Last night, I was meditating. Everything was going as usual, until something interrupted my thoughts." Piccolo explained.

Gohan looked up confused, but was intent on hearing the rest.

" I had to stop and think of what it was" Piccolo went on "but what I saw is still bothering me."

Gohan listened, but had to ask, "What was it?"

Piccolo lowered his brow and held back anger. "Another Saiyan, who resembled Vegeta, but it wasn't him. Surely."

Gohan's eyes went wide " L...Like Vegeta!?!...I had a dream last night..." Gohan looked around wildly "and a Saiyan got me mad, so I kicked him..but I woke up..." he trailed off, and then looked back at Piccolo "but he had hair like Vegeta."

Piccolo squinted in thought. What the hell was going on? At the same time, Gohan jerked his head up

"TRUNKS! He had a bad dream too!.I didn't ask him about it, but it was around the same time as me."

Piccolo scowled. "We need to tell the others." Gohan nodded as they walked around the back of the Son Home.

### CHAPTER THREE: REALISATION

Most of the group glanced as they saw Gohan walking around the side of the house, but they all did a total double take when they saw Piccolo behind him. Goku looked up as Gohan approached him, and looked past to see Piccolo.

"Hey Piccolo! Never thought you'd show up" Goku laughed "want anything?" he pointed to the grill.

Piccolo sneered and looked to Gohan, which caused Goku to realize his son wanted to talk to him.

" Dad, something weird's going on." Gohan looked serious, so Goku handed the plate he held to Krillin. He turned his attention to his son and listened seriously.

Gohan looked at Krillin and Goku "Did either of you have a bad dream last night?" Gohan asked.

Goku and Krillin looked at each other "We were out all night sparring" Krillin said simply

"Yeah" Goku added, turning to face Gohan and Piccolo " We didn't sleep at all last night..how come?"

Gohan turned to Piccolo, who looked seriously to Goku " I think you ought to get the others over here, we all need to talk." He said, scanning the back yard. Everyone was here, good.



Goku nodded and proceeded around the yard, gesturing for the rest of the Z Fighters to meet where Gohan and Piccolo were. They followed the orders, because they too wanted to know why Piccolo was there.

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"Mom! Please!!!" Goten's over there!" Trunks whined and tried to wriggle out of his mother's lap.

Bulma looked at Chi Chi and shrugged. She released Trunks, who smiled and ran towards the circle of men, and slipped in between Gohan and Goku.

Trunks looked straight up at the tall green man telling a story. Hearing the mention of dreams, he frowned, blushed a little, and turned to look for his father.

Vegeta stood a little ways from the group scowling, but paying close attention.

Trunks walked over and looked up at his dad, then back at the crowd. He leaned on Vegeta's leg and listened from there. He didn't want anyone to know he had a bad dream, or what it was about.

Once everyone had been gathered, Piccolo proceeded to tell everyone the story he had told Gohan. They conceived that besides Piccolo, Trunks and Gohan had also had bad dreams. Both Piccolo and Gohan's dreams contained a Saiyan who resembled Vegeta, but wasn't.

Gohan looked at Trunks and decided that he has to ask. He walked over and knelt by Trunks, slightly aware of Vegeta's glare. "Trunks, can you tell me about the bad dream you had last night?" Gohan partly pleaded while the group watched silently. "Piccolo and I both saw a Saiyan, and I was wondering if you saw one too. I know it's kind of embarrassing, but we need to know."

Vegeta's eyes widened a bit at the sound of the word 'Saiyan'. *They must have had the same dream as me..but..why? * he thought to himself. He looked down at his son, whom was unusually quiet. As Trunks' face began to turn red, Vegeta frowned. "Maybe he isn't up to speaking about it." He glared at Gohan.

Gohan glanced up and frowned. He stood as Trunks finally spoke "No.its ok...I'll tell him daddy.." Trunks said softly. " I .I saw a Saiyan too Gohan." He said simply.

Vegeta's face took on a look of surprise that Piccolo saw. He kept quiet though, planning to speak with him later.

Gohan nodded. He turned back to the group. "Now, me, Piccolo, and Trunks all saw this Saiyan.forgive the math work, but I believe that all of us who are Saiyan, and were sleeping last night got a message."

" But what about Mr. Piccolo?" Goten piped in "he's not a Saiyan!"

Gohan nodded, but smirked. "Well, Mr. Piccolo has a few mind tricks up his sleeve." He said, looking at his teacher.

"What about my daddy?" Trunks said as the group turned back to him.

Vegeta scowled and turned away as all eyes turned to him and Piccolo watched warily.

"Vegeta, did you have a bad dream last night?" Gohan asked.

Vegeta stood frowning..he was not going to summarize the 'bad dream' he had.

Gohan saw Vegeta's patience quickly wearing down and looked to Bluma and Chi Chi, who were setting the picnic tables. He saw his chance at a quick retreat. "hey guys, I believe we can talk about this later" The group looked at the table full of food and nodded.

Piccolo scowled and walked around the front of the house as the group sat down to stuff their faces. Vegeta sat with them, both relieved and reluctant to be diverted to the dinner table. His hunger overwhelmed him, and his anger was soon suppressed.

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Vegeta was quiet all through dinner, and left without a word when he was done. He didn't want to be pryed at in front of any of them. He knew that they had also dreamt of his father, King Vegiita. He did resemble him. He growled and shook the thought as he walked to the front of the house to get some peace. \* Maybe I'll just leave \* but before the thought could even reach his senses, Piccolo stepped in front of him.

Vegeta snarled and looked almost straight up "What do you want?" he asked carelessly.

"Hmfmf." Piccolo turned and walked away "I want to know who that Saiyan in our minds was." He answered. He stopped with his back to Vegeta. Piccolo knew Vegeta didn't like being that close to him, particularly because of the difference in height. Vegeta was one of the few people ( besides Gohan of course) that Piccolo could relate to. He knew the feeling was mutual.

"What makes you think that I had a nightmare like the rest of those babies?" He sneered "even my son." he grunted out and stood there waiting for the Namek's response.

Piccolo turned and looked at Vegeta seriously. His ears alerted to make sure nobody was listening. "I know you saw him too."

"OOH and what are you a psychic?" Vegeta mocked and laughed at his own little joke.

Piccolo just glared as Vegeta turned to leave. "Vegeta, this could be a bit more serious than we think. Swallow your damned pride for two minutes and just tell me!" Piccolo demanded. He was getting angry at Vegeta's stubbornness.

To his surprise, Vegeta stopped and looked down for a few moments before speaking.

He clenched his fists as he spoke "That Saiyan... was my...father." Vegeta spit out the word 'father' without a bit of honor. " King Vegiita...or so he was called."

Piccolo's eyes widened as he put the pieces together.

Vegeta just stood there with his back to him, fists clenched, looking down.

Piccolo left him alone, not wanting to pry anymore. It was amazing he even got that out of him. He told Gohan the entire story, and they sat and thought. This may be some sort of warning.or so to quote "something wicked this way comes".

#### CHAPTER FOUR: THE MEETING

The party eventually split up, and went home after talking about the dreams. There was nothing they could do but wait for something to happen.

Vegeta wouldn't give away any more of his dream, and neither would Trunks.

Chi Chi and Bulma cleaned up with Goku and Krillin's help.

Gohan invited Piccolo to stay in case something happened, but he assured Gohan that he'd show up again.

Yamcha, Puar, Tien, and Chaotzu all went to Tien's place for the night.

Vegeta had departed long before, and Trunks and Goten fell asleep (assuring Trunks the night over).

All were aware now, and wary of what may happen. They had also agreed to meet the next morning so that Goku could ask King Kai what was going on. They all slept that night, a deep sleep that wasn't interrupted at all.

Gohan looked at the clock. 7:30am. He had to wait a little more to wake his father. He leaned back and thought about how much this was bothering him. "At least I slept well last night" he thought.

He finally stood and began to get dressed. It was no use; he couldn't go back to sleep.

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Yamcha opened one eye and focused.

Puar and Chaotzu were laying on the end of Tien's bed, staring at the cartoons on TV. He grumbled and turned over in his sleeping bag. Just as he was about to drift back in to sleep, the door flew open.

"Wakey Wakey!!" Tien laughed with the two 'already awake' couch potatoes.

Yamcha was about to scream when he got a whiff of food. He sat

straight up and looked over Tien's bed at Tien.

"Yep! I knew a little take out would wake up even You!" he smirked at Yamcha who was bright eyed and standing up straight by now.

"We have to get to Goku's soon anyway." Puar piped in as Chaotzu turned off the TV. He looked at Yamcha "Lets let Mr. Sleepyhead put on some pants first."

Yamcha looked down at his boxers and blushed.

The others just laughed and walked out. After a quick, but fulfilling breakfast, they were on their way to Goku's.

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Vegeta looked at his mate, who was still sleeping. He wondered whether or not to bring her to Goku's home.

She would be mad if he just left, but then again, she would take 3 hours to get ready.

Vegeta merely sighed and turned to leave. She knew where he'd be. With that, he flew soundlessly out an open window, just as the sun's rays began to touch the horizon.

~~~~~

~Thud~

"OOWWCHH! "

Goten opened his eyes and rubbed them. Once his sight focused, he rolled over and looked to the ground where the sound had come from.

Trunks was laying on his back with a scowl on his face

Goten started laughing

"hey shutup!! "You took up the whole bed anyway!" Trunks half yelled/half whispered at Goten as he stood up.

"Awww you always fall off the bed Trunks!" Goten laughed

~Smack~

Goten looked over at Trunks (who now had a grin on his face) armed with a large pillow.

"That's it" Goten jumped up and grabbed one also. "This means war!"

And so the great pillow fight began. Nothing could stop such a tedious battle..except..

"Goten!! Trunks!!"

The two stopped dead in their tracks.

"Your father is still sleeping Goten!" Chi Chi yelled as quietly as she could from the doorway. "Now unless you two want to help with breakfast, settle down." She ordered. And left the room.

The two boys plopped down on the bed and looked at the TV.

"Cartoons!" they said together. And so it went, for about a half hour.

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Goku opened his eyes. All above him were the faces of his friends..Gohan, Yamcha, Tien, Chaotzu, Goten, Trunks, and Chi Chi. It took him a second to realize what was going on, but when he did, he jumped straight up and looked around wildly "What!?" He looked at his friends.

Yamcha cleared his throat and finally, Gohan spoke "they're all ready for you to get ahold of King Kai, Dad"

Goku's eyes widened "Ohhhhh!" they nodded and walked out to let him get ready.

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They all sat in the largest room of the Son Home. In one big circle with their legs crossed.

Piccolo and Vegeta had also shown up and sat in the circle as well.

With full concentration from all (or most) of them, an almost holographic image of King Kai appeared in the middle of the circle.

"I am glad that you all contacted me. You may be just in time." King Kai said.

They all watched as Goku asked him "What's going on King Kai?"

"Well, I'm not going to spell this out for all of you. In a few hours, a ship will reach the earth..and its contents will be...King Vegiita."

The group was speechless with surprise, which increased even more when an apprehensive Vegeta spoke.

"It can't be. My father is dead." He growled and hardened his face to all of the stares of the group.

" No Vegeta, unfortunately he is not. Your father escaped Freeza's wrath on your home planet. He has spent his years traveling around, trying to seek vengeance on him. I believe that he has figured out that Freeza was killed on Earth, so he is coming to investigate."

Vegeta remained silent. This man had been banished from his memory. He had no right to be called his father, even if he had only raised

him as most normal Saiyans would.

The others just listened in amazement. Even Goten and Trunks, who stood outside of the circle were listening.

"Those dreams you had are the early stages of a developing sense. Basically a warning for now." King Kai went on

"Well is he coming to defeat us?" Goku asked

"What else" Vegeta answered before King Kai could. "He was bred for war, as are all Saiyans. He knows that Freeza was defeated here, so in order to get stronger, he will want to defeat Freeza's assassins."

They didn't understand Vegeta's relationship with his father, but they dare not ask.

" There is one advantage you all have." King Kai said, as all eyes turned to him "surprise...he has no idea that another Saiyan, or especially his son make their home on this planet. When he does come, you can hide your Ki's and attack early on. Do not give him a chance to power up, he is extremely strong."

Vegeta could not believe his ears. Besides Freeza, it was his father who had shaped the attitude he held with him today He only had a few memories, all of which were harsh. He knew his father was strong, but it was likely that he himself was still stronger, as generations beat out the fore-generations.

Vegeta wasn't worried about the fight that may ensue, just what his father would say to him. He truly hated his father, and made sure that even with his pride level, he cared for Trunks.

King Kai said his good-bye's as the groups began to plan. Today was going to be a tough one.

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Piccolo scanned the horizon. "We'll need to go to a more deserted area. That way there will be no interference's."

The fully armored group behind him silently agreed as they hugged Bulma and Chi Chi.

"I'lll ...be ..back .mom ..Jeeze!!" Goten gasped as Chi Chi hugged him tightly. She was getting a bit more used to sending the boys off to train and fight. The two backed off as the Z-fighters were surrounded by a white aura.

In one quick motion they were off. Disappearing with Piccolo in the lead. He knew the country better than most would.

## CHAPTER FIVE: ARRIVAL

"Location point C72-5234, Planet Earth. Landing facilities initiated." The ship stated and hissed.

The filter began to emit air, and he began to wake up.

Soon, he would find out how incredible powers like Freeza and his father and brother were killed so quickly on this planet. Whoever completed this murder had to be strong.

He would defeat them because he was the king of the great warrior race; the Saiyans. He would become the strongest in the universe, and avenge the destruction of his planet.

~~~~~

The sun beat down on them. It was almost noon, and the group either lay, or trained on the dusty ground.

Piccolo had taken them to a very deserted place, sparsely populated by trees and shrubs.

Vegeta stood away from them, almost out of sight. This whole happening was so frustrating and confusing to him, and even he had to fight not to show feelings.

Piccolo and Gohan sparred in another area, if not to prepare for battle, to catch up on old times.

Goku, Krillin Yamcha, Tien, and Chaotzu all lay or sat on the ground in what shade they could find. They rested their bodies, while sparring each other in their minds.

Goten and Trunks played tag...Saiyan style (using teleport).

They stayed calm and enjoyed the peace while they could, even though they all felt the ship's approach.

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"Preparing for atmosphere penetration. G-Shield 432 initiated." The ship said as the shield clicked into place.

He sighed as he pulled on the wrist sensor, a final touch to his newly developed Saiyan armor. This would be a nice vacation spot, he thought as he looked at the Earth's prominent blue and green coloring from space.

The ship only shook for a few seconds as it entered the atmosphere.

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They all felt it. They stopped everything and made their way back to meet.

Even Vegeta, though when he turned to see the ship's descent, a growl emerged from his throat. No one other than them knew it had landed.

~~~~~

Bulma felt it. She had been enraged that Vegeta had just left and was screaming to an empty house, when the ground shook a little.

She was a smart woman, and had heard everything that went on during

the conversation last night. She knew that yet another enemy was coming, but this one was different.

Bulma thought for a second, and realised that if Vegeta had gone off for battle, so had Trunks.

That made up her mind. She ran out side and threw down a capsule. The flying vehicle was her fastest one.

Jumping in, she clicked on her radar and levitated. Bulma wasn't going to be left out of this one.

"Vegeta" Goku called, brining Vegeta back from his rushing thoughts. "I think that you should stay hidden for now...if your father is very strong, and gets past most of us, we'll need you as a major back up. It will be the best defense we've got." He stated.

Vegeta nodded. Although Goku could be a total jackass, when it came to fighting, he was always well prepared. He was also glad that no one had questioned his relationship with his father. Even though he would never own up to it, Vegeta loved his family and wouldn't let anyone lay a finger on them; not even his so called father.

He turned and walked to a large mountain, making his ki vanish.

Goku walked to the rest of the group who where going over some plans.

~~~~~

He stepped out and took a deep breath. "Ahhh gorgeous.too bad I'll have to remodel." He said in a voice similar, but a little higher than Vegeta's. He wore a full bout of black armor, except for his wrist sensor which was metallic.

His scouter, similar to Vegeta's, was clear; a pure sign of royalty. Even Freeza and his men were never given clear scouters. Always colored ones. His face bore a large gash on the cheek, an obvious wound from his escape. On his forehead was something different, a tattoo which showed some other ranking. This was probably gained on his travels.

He flipped open the metallic wrist sensor, which resembled a small laptop. " Lets get some stats here..."

The device beeped and the screen went yellow. "Planet trade Saiyan remains healthy." he read under his breath "what!?" his eyes widened "It can't be.if he is still alive, why isn't this planet on the trade list?"

He clicked a few other buttons and spoke into the device "give me the name of the Planet Trade Saiyan sent on this mission" the screen went black and computed.

Finally it said "Planet Trade Mission number C527. Kakarott..class 3." The man held back a gasp. "What the hell? Why hasn't he taken over..or died? There is no way a damned weakling like Kakarott could have killed Freeza!" he screamed and shut the machine.

"Well he's still alive..lets go find the little fucker." He said as he clicked the scouter. A small reading showed up. The man snorted and took off surrounded by a black aura. "Defense terminal initiated" the ship said, and glowed in warning.

~~~~~

Piccolo pulled back a lip "he's on his way."

The others nodded and pushed their ki's down. This guy was probably one who didn't know about the ability to hide power levels.

Goten and Trunks stood in a defense stance, which was instinctive.

They all watched as a gleam appeared in the sky.

"huh?" Krillin looked up "that's not him." "Bulma! Oh shit!!" he said as the capsule craft set down.

Trunks ran over "Mom! Get out! He's coming!"

Goku followed and explained. "The ship has landed, and he's on his way here, please, go hide at least!" he was frantic.

Before she could speak, Bulma was grabbed from behind and flown off.

Goku sighed \* Thank Kami\* The two ran back to the group.

Bulma was set down lightly. As soon as her feet touched the ground, she wheeled around "Vegeta! Why.."

"Why are you even here woman?" he interrupted "Baka! There's an incredible force coming and you just show up!?" he screamed.

"Well you didn't have to just leave without any warning! Maybe I was worried...about Trunks" she added quickly, and walked away from him, sitting behind a rock.

Good. Now he could concentrate on the fight. Hopefully, she wouldn't do anything stupid.

~~~~~

The rest of the group hadn't taken their eyes off the sky. A black glow finally appeared and headed towards them.

Black? That was an unusual color for someone's aura to be.

The object stopped and landed in front of them, arms crossed, head held high.

Definitely King Vegiita.

He scanned the group "What is this, the peace corps?" he snarled and checked his scouter quickly.

Piccolo growled, along with Gohan.

Goku just watched interested. So this was the king?

Vegiita looked around the group for a Saiyan, but saw no tails. Hmmm. Well then he'd have to ask. "Which one of you losers is Kakarott?" he asked with an all too familiar smirk painted across his face.

Goku flinched. He hated being called that, he had even gotten Vegeta to call him Goku. He couldn't stand his Saiyan name. "Its Goku." He stated simply, watching the invader.

Vegiita looked at him up and down "well then..Kakarott..where is your tail? And why haven't you cleaned this planet for the trade?" he looked disgustedly at Goku.

"My tail was removed, it was a weakness to me. And this planet is my home. I protect it."

The Saiyan King scowled with even more disgust. "A weakness! That tail is a sign of your honorable Saiyan race! The source of your power! Traitor!" he shot a weak fingerblast directly at Goku in a burst of short temper.

Goku merely shifted his head to avoid it. The king had to hold back a bit of surprise. " And who are these goons?" he looked directly at Piccolo, who obviously wasn't from the planet.

Piccolo returned the insult with a fang-bearing growl, holding back his own insult as he saw Gohan step forward.

" We are Goku's friends and family, if you even understand those terms."

Piccolo smirked at his student's retort. He was glad Gohan still had a bit of that smartass quality he liked so much.

The king merely smiled evilly "quite a weak force of circus freaks you've got here Kakarott" he said, this time glancing at Tien and Chaotzu.

Tien's 3 eyes and Chaotzu's doll-boy look weren't exactly normal either. The two stepped forward, but stopped at Goku's hand signal.

The king laughed and then stopped, suddenly remembering his original quest. " So, the great Freeza and family were killed on this planet. Can you freaks kindly direct me to their killers?...I'll deal with you later."

Yamcha smirked "You're standing in front of them."

"What?!" the king laughed "there's no way!" "We had the help of a friend, but he's gone...shall I say, back to the future." Krillin piped in.

The king looked down at the short man with no nose. " You little pricks annoy me.I think I need a little exercise anyway" He said as he faced a palm at Krillin and fired.

Krillin jumped out of the way and landed to his left.

The king rolled his eyes. "Jumpy little things aren't ya?" The king raised into the air and powered up a large ki blast, pointing his palm again at Krillin. This time, he wouldn't miss.

He was rudely interrupted though. "Solar Flare!" Tien screamed as the sun's rays reflected into Vegiita's eyes. "What the Fuck!?! He screamed.

Chaotzu grabbed the blinded king's tail and pulled it out straight, presenting it to Krillin.

Goku smiled; his friends were very smart people.

"Destructo Disk!" Krillin yelled with his palm pointing upward.

In record time, the spinning energy blade was formed and thrown. Before the king could even realize it, the disc had sliced right through his tail, and a few mountains after that.

" Ha Ha!" Goten and Trunks jumped up and down happily.

" Just in case you decide you want to turn into that big monkey." Krillin said wiping his hands.

Gohan smiled, but stopped when he saw Piccolo frowning.

Piccolo watched, and knew that the king had much more to reveal.

CHAPTER SIX: ALL OUT BATTLE

Chaotzu was throw back as the King's body flared with the powerful black energy.

Tien backed off as the King got his sight back, screaming louder than they'd heard. This guy was pissed.

"You little fuckers! How dare you treat the King of the Saiyans like this! Die!!" He yelled and erupted into a wild spin of rapid fire ki blasts. Knocking Tien, Chaotzu, and Krillin out with one blow. He stopped and looked at Goku, still surrounded by black.

As he floated down, Yamcha couldn't bear the sight of his friends being hurt like that. He teleported behind the King and landed a huge blow on the back of his neck. He then teleported to the front and fired a powerful kick, which was caught sternly in mid air.

"Never attack from the front" The King smirked and threw Yamcha hard. His body slammed unconscious amongst Tien, Chaotzu and Krillin.

He landed and scowled, checking his scouter as the others watched with anger. " What the hell is this? How did those moron's do that?"

Goku smirked, he was glad they had the advantage of surprise. Wait until he found out what Trunks and Goten could do! His smirk turned to a frown as the King turned to kill his injurers.

The King's tail (or what was left of it) had stopped bleeding by now, and they all felt a twinge of relief that he wouldn't transform.

Vegiita squinted and his tattoo flickered.

Only Tien saw this, as he was barely awake. He was ready to fire an immense, final blow when he was struck in the back of the head.

"Don't you hurt uncle Krillin!!" Goten yelled.

The King turned to face the kid, snarling as he pulled out a chunk of singed hair. He smiled as he saw his attacker. "This your son Kakarott? He's got some spunk. Definitely a Saiyan."

Goku growled, but left Goten be. He knew he couldn't reveal his true power until it was absolutely needed. Goten gasped as the King grabbed him by the arm.

"Ugly little Saiyan aren't ya kid. Probably as weak as a puppy too." he squeezed harder.

Goten flinched, but as his temper snapped, he growled at him.

The King laughed "Lotta spunk! Kakarott you raised a wild o...." His sentence was cut off by Goten's ki blast.

He had fired two from his feet directly into the King's stomach.

The King let go in surprise, but wasn't hurt too bad.

"Damn kid! You better learn not to interrupt!" He fired at Goten, but all that was left was a crater when the smoke cleared. "huh?" The King looked up at the tall kid, and the even taller green man standing behind him.

Gohan held Goten around the waist as Goten stuck his tongue out at Vegiita.

"Don't mess with my little brother." Gohan said with a serious face. One that contrasted completely with Goten's mocking faces.

"So Kakarott, been a little bust on this planet eh?" he looked Gohan and (the now standing) Goten up and down. "these two half breed weaklings don't have tails either? Removed them too?. Third class Saiyan's were always so Stupid!" Vegiita shook his head.

Gohan and Goten took a defense stance and nodded to each other. "Eat this scar face!" Goten yelled

"Kaaaa meeeee..." the brothers said in unison, gathering the immense energy in the correct hand motions. "haaaaa meeeee..."

The King stood and smirked, but realized at the last minute..

" HAAAA!!!" they both screamed, releasing two thick energy beams at the King. They stood up straight and watched as the smoke cleared.

The King stood in a defense stance, but his gloves were severely

singed, and his wrist device and scouter were demolished. He stood up straight and resumed his 'kingly stance'. "Strong little bastards" he turned to walk away but stopped. "And don't call me scar face" he turned and fired a blast at Goten, knocking him to his father's feet.

Gohan snarled, dodging the blast meant for him and lunging at the king. He teleported behind him and punched, but the blow was caught.

The two battled, but the King had the upper hand. Soon, the King fired a large blast and Gohan lay on his back, exhausted.

Goten got up and glared at the King "Gohan." he began to power up, but his father put a hand on his shoulder.

"Not yet Goten, save it for later"

Goten growled, but stopped as he saw his brother get up, and Piccolo attack.

~~~~~

Piccolo teleported to all sides of the King, making him dizzy. This pissed him off as he fired and missed, fired and missed.

\* How can these idiots know how to teleport? Where did they learn these attacks? Why is Kakarott just standing there? Wuss. \* the King thought as he fired at Piccolo.

As if Piccolo had heard the last thought, he kicked him square in the lower back.

The King landed face down, and Piccolo stood tall above him. "He is far from that. All of us are more courageous than you will ever be."

The King sprang to his feet "What!? How the hell did you read my mind?" The king asked.

" It is a simple mind skill." Piccolo smirked and shrugged off his surprise.

"I was taught all mind skills, why wasn't I told of such?" The King said proudly, trying to look superior in front of the immensely tall Namekseijin.

"Because," Piccolo smirked and glanced at Goten "Nobody likes you monkey boy."

The King's eyes widened at the insult and fired at Piccolo who merely dodged.

Goten cracked up laughing; he remembered when he had said that to Vegeta when he was picking on him awhile back. He had cracked up then to.

The King's tattoo began to glow as the black aura spread around him.

Piccolo watched and backed off a bit as the Saiyan powered up. He wondered what this tattoo was.

All of a sudden, the tattoo turned red, and two huge black ki's were on Piccolo and Gohan's tail as they flew, and teleported out of the way. The Ki blasts coming from the King's stomach and back were like heat seeker missiles, and neither prey could escape. They were blasted to the ground and lay awake, but paralyzed.

Now it was the King's turn to laugh.

"Gohan! Mr. Piccolo!!" Goten yelled and stood by them.

The King watched him touch the black web that surrounded the two and recoil. "Brat." He said pointing a finger at Goten

"NO!" he stopped and looked at (the now very pissed) Trunks. "Don't touch my best friend!"

The King squatted to look at the purple haired kid. Trunks stood tall and proud with his fists clenched, ready to fight just as his father had taught him. "And who is this ugly thing?" he cocked his head. He looked familiar....but that hair and those eyes.

Trunks growled at him.

~~~~~

Vegeta clenched his fists and held back his drastically rising anger. He was ready to burst. The other fighters were doing well, but he knew his father was stronger. Now, he stood in front of Trunks, obviously mocking him.

Bulma hadn't been able to hold her ravenous temper back. Vegeta had to seal her shut in the capsule car where she couldn't see the fight.

He squinted and growled more, concentrating to keep his ki low..but damn!

~~~~~ The king looked on as Trunks glared. "And who are you?"

Trunks just glared.

"Answer a King you ugly twit!"

Trunks' face didn't soften one bit "My name is Trunks. And you are the ugly one...your highness." Trunks spat and smirked almost at the same time as his father.

Vegeta had heard the comment, and was proud of his son's courage.

Goten cracked up, which caused Trunks' smirk to form to a grin.

The King stood. "I'll have to teach you a thing or two."

He shot a finger blast, which Trunks blocked with an energy shot from his palm.

The King looked down at him with surprise. "What!? This ugly brat can't be Saiyan!" He said with a disgusted look across his face "Damn you."

He shot a beam from his forehead tattoo, but ended up with his face in the dirt, and a specific sharp pain at the back of his neck.

"If you call him ugly one more time...." a familiar voice came from the air above him.

The King ignored the pain from the kick and flipped over and focused his vision..then his eyes widened "Ve..Vegeta!!!"

#### CHAPTER SEVEN: CONFRONTATION

"Never attack from the front hmm?" Vegeta sneered down at his father.

"Vegeta! I thought."

"You thought that I was dead?" Vegeta interrupted "Surely you have more confidence in your son! Or so I'm called" he said.

As he and Trunks hovered above the king, Trunks realized that his dad had just referred to himself as this man's son..but he kept quiet. He was bad, that's all that Trunks knew.

The king stood as his pride surpassed his surprise. "You'll be called no son of mine! What, do you live on this planet?" he asked in disgust. "You must if this thing is your son. Where in gods name did he get that awful color hair?" the King looked at Trunks, then back to Vegeta as he scowled, but said nothing.

The King's eyes widened "You've got no tail either! Damn you freaks! The Prince of the Saiyan's puh! You deserve no such title. Weakling." The King said.

This finally set Vegeta off, and he powered up. A gold aura surrounded him.

~~~~~

"Damn it!" Gohan yelled, "I can't move!" Piccolo struggled also.

They were both very angered about not being able to show their true powers.

" Gohan..we can get our way out of this. Just concentrate your energy." Piccolo said as he closed his eyes and concentrated.

Gohan glanced at him, and then did the same. Their minds connected as the power grew.

~~~~~

She turned the screwdriver once more to release the screw, mumbling about 'primitive tools', and then moved to the last one.

Bulma had seen her husband fly off, and had begun to dismantle the car from the inside. She had to see what was going on. She growled and clenched her teeth.

"Come on.."

Click

"There." The door dropped off.

~~~~~

The flame of gold burned around Vegeta as his coal eyes turned green, and his hair and eyebrows went gold.

The King backed off, feeling the energy explode from his son.
"Ahh...so you've become a Super Saiyan. I thought that much ...at least you still have that."

The King said, also switching to Super Saiyan, though with an obvious cringe of struggle. "This oughta be a good fight! Super Saiyan vs. Super Saiyan." He smiled wickedly, but frowned at his son's smirk.

"Yes. Fun.. for me!" he smiled. "Goku." Vegeta looked down "Would you come here for a second?"

Goku laughed and flew up next to Vegeta. "Yesss?"

"Show his highness what you learned even before I did." Vegeta said.

Although he hated to admit it, Goku had reached the level before him. He had only revealed that to make the King feel weaker, and he knew how he thought.

Goku smirked and nodded as his hair and eyebrows went gold also.

Vegiita growled "This third class.....what the fuck!!?"

Goku smiled. The element of surprise, it was working perfectly. He silently thanked King Kai.

~~~~~

The black web slowly began to rip.

Gohan and Piccolo now glowed with power.

Suddenly the entire barrier burst and the two stood, stretching their muscles.

Piccolo cracked his knuckles and smiled. "Wait until the bastard sees you can do that too."

Gohan looked up at the three Super Saiyans and smiled also.

The two watched and waited for some sort of cue.



~~~~~

She ran out to the edge of the mountain and looked over. Seeing Trunks, Bulma ran to his side, to his surprise.

"Mom!" Trunks whispered.

"Shhhh, I'll be ok" She said, as they both looked up to watch.

Goten stood by Trunks, and they smiled in unison as they watched the King's facial expressions.

~~~~~`

Tien had moved the others away from battle. Chaotzu was out, Krillin was awake but couldn't walk very well, and Yamcha was out also.

Krillin and Tien kept an eye on their brave friends, while at the same time, gazing up at the 3 gold lights in the air.

~~~~~ "Trunks, Goten, come here" Vegeta ordered, still watching the King.

Vegeta looked down and caught a glimpse of Bulma. "So that's where the brat gets that hair. Is this what's keeping you from your real family?"

Vegeta looked down at Bulma, he got angry, but then smiled. She was so brave, even with such weakness. He loved her for that. He turned his look back to the king. "My real family are my son and my mate; you are under no right to call yourself my father."

At that the King lunged, only to be thrown back by Vegeta and Goku's blasts.

The king stood there in mid air. He could beat them, he'd just have to use more power.

"Trunks, Goten, let's do what Goku and I taught you two last year." Vegeta said.

The King sneered as Vegeta called him 'Goku'.

Trunks and Goten smiled. Immediately, they clicked into Super Saiyans with ease.

The King's eyes went wide. "Holy Sh...." he was cut off as Gohan also rose to the group, surrounded by a gold aura.

"You see father, I have learned something. To be strong, you have to learn everything about people who are stronger than you. I have learned, that good always prevails."

Goku smiled at his friend. He'd never hear those words from him ever again.

"Therefore, " Vegeta went on " I have become stronger than you will

ever be." He said with pride as the King recovered from the shock of being surrounded by Super Saiyans; two of them being half breed 6 year olds.

"Each individual up here could beat you. Easily. That is why I am sparing you such a defeat. Now run father. Run! Just like you did when you watched our planet blowing up!" Vegeta was enraged, but releasing anger that needed releasing.

The King was confused; but he was king of the Saiyans! His pride took over, and he lunged at Bulma, knowing the 5 Super Saiyans would overpower him.

She backed off before a green hand caught his ankle. Piccolo held the King upside down as Gohan smiled at him.

All at once, the 5 sent energy beams at the King, lead by Vegeta's beam. Piccolo moved out of the way as the beams shattered the King's pride, as well as his body into pieces.

Vegeta smiled at his son. He nodded thanks to Piccolo and all 5 powered down as Vegeta landed in front of his petrified wife.

She looked at him, waiting to get yelled at. Instead, she widened her eyes as he took her hand on his.

"Congratulations." He smiled a familiar evil smile. "You are now my Queen." He stood and watched as Bulma's brows drew together, trying to figure it out.

The rest smiled at Vegeta's victory.

"Cool!" they looked at Trunks. "I'm a prince!"

"Yeah, a prince who falls off the bed every morning!" Goten cracked up along with the others, even Piccolo smirked slightly.

Soon they flew home, Goku carrying Krillin, Tien carrying Chaotzu, and Gohan carrying Yamcha.

Vegeta had a sense of pride that surpassed any other. This was pride for himself, but also his friends, and especially his family.

Of course, everyone knew that he would never admit it, but they could see it.

CHAPTER EIGHT: A GREAT TOAST

"Vegeta!!! Lets GO!" Bulma screamed. She watched the front door, but this time, he used the stairs. She glared at him.

"Oh you're ready?" he asked, "I was waiting for you!" Bulma growled,glared and looked past him "Trunks!"

Vegeta laughed.

Bulma turned to see Trunks standing outside the front door.

"Damn you two!" she stomped out as Vegeta and Trunks smiled at each other.

She was stopped in mid walk as a small hand grabbed her left arm, and a large one grabbed her right.

"Oh dear Kami." She sighed and began to scream as Trunks and Vegeta lifted into the air with two identical smirks on their faces.

~~~~~

Piccolo wrinkled his nose at the scent of food. He opened his eyes and saw Goku and Krillin hovering over a smoking grill.

"You sure you want to stay?..I mean, you don't have to."

Piccolo turned to see Gohan standing next to him.

"Yeah. I will. Just so long as Goku doesn't try to shove any of that crap down my throat." Piccolo curled his lip. How could humans eat such things?

Gohan laughed "Nah.. I don't think he's that dumb." He walked off to help his mother, and Piccolo returned to his meditation, while he still could.

~~~~~

Yamcha and Puar met with Tien and Chaotzu in mid air.

"Awwww Yamcha!" Tien said looking at Yamcha's slinged arm.

" Awww.. Shut UP! It's fine. Doctors are so dumb, I swear"

Chaotzu laughed, and Yamcha glared at him " look who's talking Mr. Neck- brace!"

His laugh faded. "Well I'm fine too! Tien's just making me wear it!"

The two looked at Tien.

"Ok!" he said "Lets go! Don't wanna be late! Hehe!" they laughed and flew off.

~~~~~

Bulma jerked her arms away and walked in. Those two, always trying to make her look bad!

Vegeta and Trunks followed, led particularly by the smell of food.

"Hey Chi Chi!" Bulma yelled "Early again!" She finished, ignoring the snickering Saiyans that walked into the back yard. She spotted Chi Chi, and followed.

"When do we eat!?" Yamcha yelled.

The four laughing warriors walked around the house.

" Hey guys!" Goku yelled with a smile "Its all ready!"

All of the Z Warriors sat down with Bulma and Chi Chi.

The tables were filled to the brim with food.

Piccolo sat by Gohan, trying to ignore the scent while sipping at a cup of water.

"Ok we gotta have a toast!" Goku yelled.

"How about to an Awesome fight!!" Goten yelled, but shut up at a glare from his mother.

"To the Prince of the Saiyans!" Trunks yelled, and Vegeta snorted.

"To well earned injuries!" Tien yelled, and was smacked by two rolls, aimed by Yamcha and Chaotzu.

"I got it."

Everyone turned in surprise and looked at Piccolo.

"To the Element Of Surprise." He said with a smirk, holding up his water glass.

"Yesss!" they all said, clinking glasses.

Soon, the entire bunch sat and gorged themselves with another great meal. Peace again. For now. THE END

End  
file.